

THE BIG BLUE UNION.

BY G. D. SWEARINGEN.

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its Way."

VOLUME I, NUMBER XXXV.

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LIFE QUESTIONS.

Drifting away.

Like mote on the stream,

To day's disappointment

Yesterday's dream:

Ever resolving—

Never to mend—

Such is our progress;

Where is the end?

Whirling away;

Like a leaf in the wind,

Points of attachment

Left daily behind;

Fixed to no principle,

Fast to no friend—

Such our fidelity,

Where is the end?

Floating away,

Like cloud on the hill,

Pendulous, tremulous,

Migrating still:

Where to repose ourselves;

Whither to tend—

Such our constancy;

Where is the end?

Crystal the pavement,

Seen through the stream.

Firm the reality

Under the dream.

We may not feel it,

Still we may mend—

How we have conquered

Not known till the end.

Bright leaves may scatter,

Sport of the wind,

But stands to the winter

The great tree behind.

Frosts shall not wither it;

Storms cannot bend—

Roots firmly clasping

The rock to the end.

Calm is the firmament,

Over the cloud;

Clear shine the stars through

The rifts of the shroud

There our repose shall be,

Thither we tend

Spite of our wanderings,

Approved at the end.

THE PICAROON,

OR

The Pirate at Sea.

The story was all feasible enough, and
easy of belief; and Paul, though his heart
might smart a little, for he had certainly
fallen deeply in love with the pretty Lot-
ty—a passion which she, with true coquet-
ish instincts encouraged—and as there was
a fair field and no favor, Paul submitted
to circumstances, suspecting nothing wrong
not even after his old friend Martin
hint for he thought the tough
prejudiced, and meantime Martingill, who
was all suspicion, was on the watch, and
was convinced that ever mischief was
brewing which would soon burst upon
them.

One evening the jolly planter, had been
giving one of his most magnificent spreads
and after the viands and most substantial
edibles had been partaken of by the guests
among whom were Don Pasco, Paul Free-
man (Captain Trantam had that day re-
mained on board to hasten the departure
of the vessel); a couple of officers of the
Royal Navy, and a sprinkling of the
neighboring planters—wines of the most
exquisite vintages were put in profusion up-
on the tables, and drinking began at a rapid
and menacing rate. Two only abstained—
the one being Don Pasco, who pleaded
non-usage in convivialities of the table;
and Paul who had been impressively warn-
ed by Martingill to abstain all liquors on this
occasion, who also pleaded head-ache and
indisposition, though he did not avoid a
few glasses; but having to go on board at
a certain hour, he felt bound, in common

parlance to keep himself 'all-right'—and
he was so.

It is impossible, in a mixed company,
where there is no stint of every kind of
wine from the finest claret to the sparkling
but bewitching champagne, when the host
is pressing the quarters good and no stint
of aught—it is impossible, I repeat in a
mixed company to keep clear of disputes,
or arguments which lead to disputes; and
presently a vociferous babel of voices an-
nounced the advent of the same, until the
rising passion of the disputants culmi-
nated in a grand quarrel, the hurling of
bottles and decanters from one side to the
other between the two most violent, ad-
ding to the confusion and clamor, until
they were separated and borne separately
away to sleep, and to cool their passions,
and the tumult terminated, but in the
midst of which Don Pasco took the oppor-
tunity to slip; neither among the persons
present was he missed by any but Paul,
who turned around to put a question but
found him absent. Thinking nothing of
the circumstance, but rather commending
his sense in quitting so riotous an assem-
bly, Paul sauntered forth in the air by
the open French window, and was enjoy-
ing the evening breeze coming over the
sea, as he smoked his cigar, and walked
to and fro beneath a long balcony.

'Sir—Master Paul!' came in a hoarse
whisper from the farther end of the paved
terrace on which he walked, and which be-
ing quite away from that portion of the
dwelling where the open window blazing
with light, pointed out where the guests
were, was also silent retired and dark, ex-
cept such light as the moon gave through
a cloud of rushing clouds—the precursor of
a sharp breeze about to follow.

'What is it Martingill?' asked Paul, as
he walked up to the seaman.

'I hears there's been a blessed bit of
bobbery in doors, but there's been nigh
half a dozen making sail, and are nigh
hands on the beach, where the boat of the
'Mudian midge is afloat close on shore
and waiting for them.'

'For them for whom?' demanded Paul.

'For Don Pasco—that's one.'

'What, still paying out the slack of that

yarn, Martingill?'

'And for Miss Lotty's waiting-maid—a

creature I'd as soon trust as a shark.'

'Humph,' said Paul, 'I don't think much

of this yarn.'

'No,' assented the seaman drily; 'but

d'y see, Miss Lotty makes the third party

which changes the point of sailing, eh?'

'What—what do you say?' cried Paul,

quivering in every limb.

'This!' responded the seaman, in the

quick stern tones of a man who has done

with jesting; 'the Don has persuaded Miss

Lotty to make a bolt with him. She don't

think it's a lark—a regular bit of

fun. When she gets on board the schooner,

she'll find the difference, and—'

'We must alarm the house—call Mr.

Bullock—get help—pursue the scoundrel,

broke out Paul.

'Don't alarm nobody,' said the old tar

holding his hand on the young man's arm.

'Them Within can do nothing, and their

howlin' out will spoil' all. You're right

about pursuing the picaroon, for if she

isn't one I'll be—hem! Look here

just you go quietly, and get the first lieut-

enant of the frigate in the harbor to come

out with you. Tell him all, or I will. He

will lend us an armed boat's crew; we'll

board the schooner 'fore they can say Jack

Robinson as she's short-handed to-night.

More than half the crew is at the drinking

shops of Spanish Town till the early tide,

which I did not expect expect he'd be lub-

ber enough to stand: but the picaroons,

you know—'

Old Martingill ceased, and turned his

quid, for Paul had hurried in doors, met

the naval officer in question coming out to

smoke his cigar, and drawing him aside

put him in possession of the whole in five

minutes.

'Curse his impudence!' he remarked.
'I never suspected him a moment; but
your man's right. Now let's hurry to the
pier; I've got a boat's crew there with
their outlasses and stretchers; we shan't
want any fire-arms, they are too noisy, and
we'll do a little business on our own account
and square it with the Admiral after it's
over.'

Within half an hour, a man-of-war's
boat with an additional crew—Paul hav-
ing added his men to the frigate's people,
and well armed with every weapon but
fire arms, were putting out in the
offing, and making for the schooner whose
outline was now beginning to be more and
more visible. With vigorous arms and
a steady power the boat breasted the sur-
ges, and owing to a slack watch the ab-
sence of most of her crew, and the haste
consequent on bringing Lotty on board
the schooner's deck was thronged with
the boat's crew, and the merchant ship's
men in an instant. In another, Paul fol-
lowed by Martingill and the lieutenant of
the frigate, rushed into the cabin, just as
the shrieks of Lotty reached them; and
the sham Don, detected and mastered,
with a face white with hate, baffled pas-
sions, fear, and defiance, found him as
boldly outwitted, as his own dark schemes
had been boldly planned and carried out.

'You are putting a rapid construction
upon a masking frolic, gentlemen?' he
began, when the officer cut him short.

'See the lady into the boat Mr. Free-
man,' he said, 'and as for you, Don Pasco,
you may turn out to be a gentleman we
much want; and this schooner may be the
renowned Black Snake of which we will
know more to-morrow. Fewer words are
best. We know a little of you, and mean
to know more. Fall back men, into the
boat, and pull for shore! And now good
night to you Don Pasco, 'or Don Devil!' he
added, as the boat was shoved off, and
the rowers dropped their oars in the brine;
'I mean to know a little more of you, or
else it will be no fault of mine! Now
lads give way!'

'Good night!' shouted the other, as the
men prepared to pull; 'and to you fair
lady of my love, a fair good night, and me
better fortune! I leave you to a lover
who may appreciate you better! As for
you my young blood—'

'Well sir Don as for me—what?' said

Paul, calmly, as he stood up in the boat.

'Why we may meet again, that's all!' re-

plied the captain of the schooner; and

the boat was now pulled shoreward in good

earnest, and Lotty conveyed to her father's

house, where the revellers yet kept it up,

and not till the following day did the plan-

ter know how near he had been to losing

his daughter, nor to whom he owed her

safety and restitution. The next day

too, when the commander of the frigate be-

gan to look about for the schooner, it is

scarcely necessary to say, that not a ves-

tige of her was to be seen. On inquiry,

it was found that her crew had all been gath-

ered out of the dens where they held their

wild revelry, and conveyed on board; and

nothing was to be seen of Don Pasco, or of

his schooner, the Black Snake, which no

one now doubt of, though she had passed

as a quiet trader in the port of Kingston,

and bore a very harmless name, which we

need not say was utterly false. With re-

spect to Lotty Buldock and Paul Freeman,

there is nothing here to add. How much

the pretty creature, might wish to reclaim

her more honorable lover, Paul had to

much spirit to put his affection to another

test; and as the Lively Peggy was just

ready for her return voyage, after receiv-

ing a fare well supper from the hospitable

planter, listening to a pretty little speech

from Lotty, and receiving a very pretty

ring, Paul, philosophically said his good-

bye; and the next morning the Lively

Peggy, her captain, and her crew, had

started on their homeward voyage and
was, for at least two days chased by a long
low, midge of a schooner, which Paul and
old Jack, had no difficulty in concluding
was the Black Snake; but the British fri-
gate on the station heaving in sight, and
showing she was out on her cruising ground
sent the Pirate to a right-about, and the
Lively Peggy finished her voyage in ques-
tion.

(CONTINUED.)

SEADRIFT.

See where she stands, on the wet sea-sands,
Looking across the water;
Wild is the night, but wilder still
The face of the fisher's daughter!

What does she there in the lightnings glare
What does she there I wonder?
What dread demon drags her forth,
In the night and wind thunder?

Is it the ghost that haunts the coast?
The cruel waves mount higher,
And the beacon pierces the stormy dark
With its javalin of fire!

Beyond the light of the beacon bright
A merchant ship is tacking;
The hoarse winds whistling through the
shrouds,
And the brittle top-mast cracking.

Q! who is she, that stands by the sea,
In the lightning's glare, undaunted?
Seems this now like the coast of Hell,
By one white spirit haunted!

The night drags by; and the breakers die
Along the ragged ledges;
The robin sits in its drenched nest,
In the hawthorn on the hedges.

Still she stands on the wet sea sands,
The morning breaks above her,
And the corpse of a sailor gleams on the
sand:
What if it were her lover.

Holy Land.

Is there a Holy land no more
A land unsmitten by the shame
Of Kings and crafts, from shore to shore—
Where manhood is the sovereign name.
Oh! thou wild eagle of the crag,
If such a land was ever known,
Her symbol was a starry flag—
It is our own, it is our own!

MATRIMONY.—We find the following
which we do not fully endorse, in an Ex.:
'Matrimony is a nut for every man's
digestion; and when the shell is fairly
cracked, pop goes the question. Little
Cupid fans the flame, (rankest kind of ar-
son) till it gets a certain height, then pop
goes the parson. Scarce a year will run
its course around Time's corner, maybe,
till out upon this wicked world, pop comes
a baby.'

Two unsophisticated country lass-
es visited Niblo's in New York, during the
ballet season. When the short-skirted
gossamer-clad nymphs made their appear-
ance on the stage they became restless and
fidgety.

'O, Alice!' exclaimed one, sotto voce.
'Well Mary!'
'It ain't nice—I don't like it.'

'Hush!'
'I don't care—it ain't nice, and I do
wonder Aunt brought us to such a place.'

'Mary, hush the folks will laugh at
you.'

After one or two flings and a pirouette,
the blushing maid said:

'Oh Alice, let's go. It ain't nice, and
I don't feel comfortable.'

'Do hush Mary,' replied the sister,
whose own face was scarlet, though it
were an air of determination. 'It's the
first time I ever was at the theater—and I
suppose it will be the last—so I am just
going to stay it out, if they dance every
rag off their backs!'